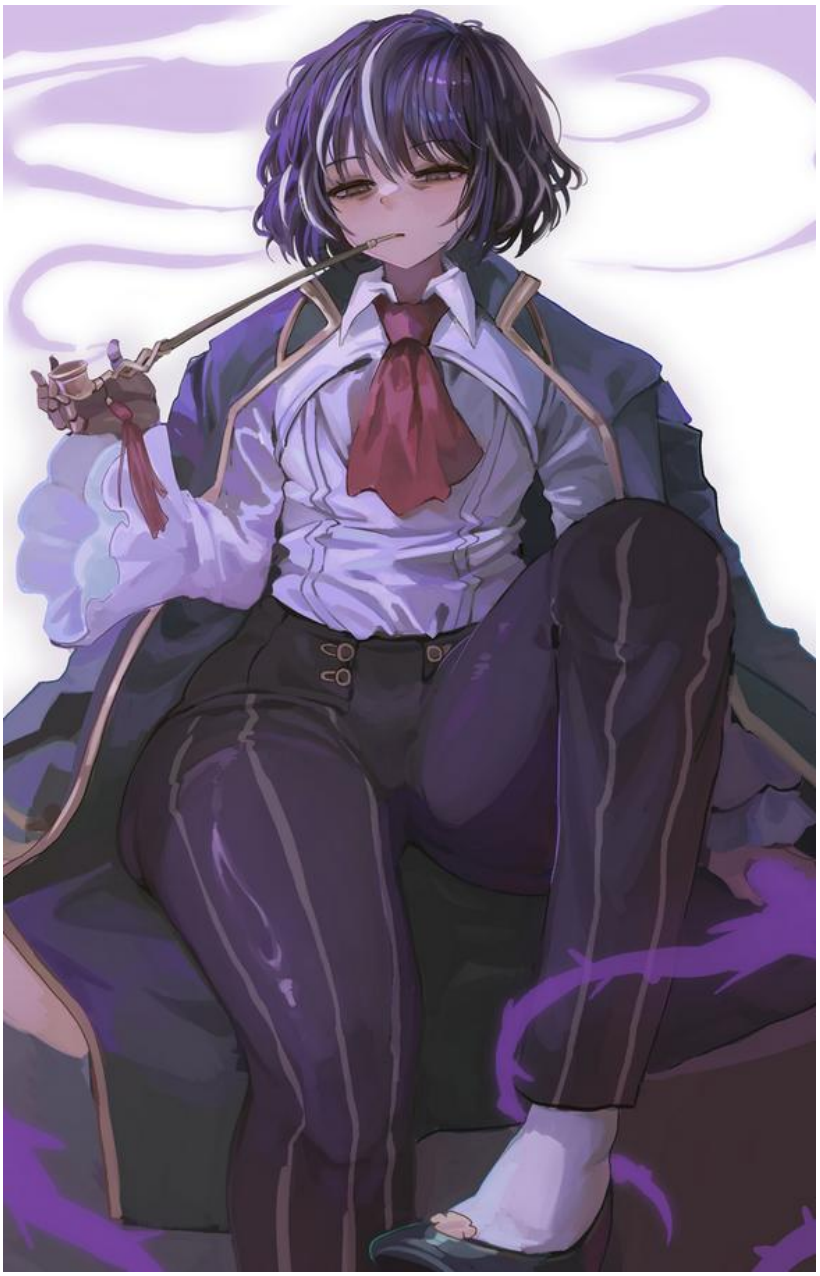
You take a nervous breath as you adjust your necktie, feeling around for the clip on your dress shirt's pocket to make sure the ID card hanging off is still properly attached. It had been drilled into you that you had to make sure it was easily visible for the sake of identification; considering the kind of stakes for the job you'd been given, it was absolutely imperative that you not mess it up. The first day was always the scariest one at any position you ended up hired for, and this one would certainly be no different…

Working for Limbus Company's LCD department was, apparently, a pretty lucrative position. With a staff of two Smoke War veterans and a freshly promoted Color Fixer, it was clear that none of the people they had recruited for the duty were slouches in any way: you yourself had only a little more interaction with Distortions and Psychoment than the average resident of the City, but it was enough to get you the position with a good CV. Obviously, you had a lot to learn in front of you, but there were quite a few people here who'd gotten good experience with the subject, so… you could learn from the best, right?

Stepping inside the breakroom after heading down the cold, metallic halls of the headquarters was a novel experience: after the chilly, oppressive air, you walked into a warm little lounge with a faint scent of tobacco moving through the air. Thin wisps of distinctive smoke wandered through the place between the soft couches and the tables: a surprisingly fancy coffee machine sat in the corner, showing the department's budget off. Certainly better than what you'd seen of the LCC section, much to your fortune. Now, the big question was where to head - you'd been instructed to seek out the current department head, but you hadn't gotten much more information outside of that.

It was *probably* Moses, though. The famed Distortion Detective had gotten quite the reputation after solving several cases regarding the phenomenon, having cured many of the misery which had brought on their warped states. She herself was famed for carrying around a curious pipe, which would explain the gentle fog that had spread out throughout the lounge. It was… her Psychoment, technically, right? Strange, how those worked - most of the people with a public reputation for having manifested that usually had theirs take the form of weapons or armor, but the detective had a less obviously combat-oriented piece of equipment manifest from her psyche. Perhaps her mind was the real weapon, in a sense..

You hadn't much time to ponder that, though - you were told to find her and ask for what you could assist her in by nine, and your watch suggested you'd only 15 more minutes before that time would arrive. There were a couple more rooms attached to the lounge, and one particular one seemed to be the source of most of the smoke: maybe she was behind it? If she wasn't, then that still meant she'd spent a lot of time in there - considering how she clearly had her pipe on her given its emissions, she would effectively leave a trail behind herself that you could follow. A little detective work of your own, in a sense…



Heading over to the metal door, you pushed the button on its side and watched as it slowly slid into the ceiling. Another blast of smoke flew into your face as you stepped inside a small enclosure, the sort where one would hold experiments… and sure enough, Moses herself was seated in there, slouched over on a stool with her trusty pipe in hand.

The faint light of the testing chamber only made her smoke seem more mysterious, glimmering with colors past the ordinary white you'd have expected. Some of it seemed red, other parts an almost purplish shade of black… squinting through the slight sting of her Psychoment's manifestation, you bowed your head and introduced yourself as the department's new hire. She didn't seem particularly concerned, taking a moment to polish off the metallic outside of the pipe's bowl. "Good morning. You were instructed to seek me out, I assume?"

You quietly muttered that this was indeed the case, which was enough to get her attention at last - she slowly eyed you up, her gaze drifting up and down your body to try and figure out just what the deal was with you. The onboarding documents you were handed stated that she could see the Distortion in anyone; perhaps she was inspecting you to see how yours appeared? It wasn't like you had any better of a guess than that, but there was enough to back up the possibility anyways.

"I see. Well, we've been requested to perform some basic tests on how my Psychoment - or, as they call it over here, E.G.O - affects people in higher dosages. Most spaces are open enough that the smoke disperses somewhat, leading to the varying efficacy of its strengthening effects: in theory, an enclosed space like this should allow for much more noticeable effects given the smoke has no room to spread out." You simply nod in response as you tap the door controls again to let it close; with that out of the way, it shouldn't take long to get the desired effects.

A strange curiosity in you prompts you to ask how exactly this smoke of hers works: she takes a breath out of the lengthy stem, then blows nearly a whole lung's worth of crimson smoke in your general direction. It takes a willful suppression of your instincts to not try and cover your face and cough it up, instead taking a deep breath of what Moses offers to you; what had once filled her lungs now fills yours, the crimson air settling down before you let out a slow exhale.

As you do, a curious feeling wanders across your lips; the foggy aura of the room dances along its surface, hydrating what had once been somewhat dry. Before long, you find them grow a little plumper than they had been previously, given new life through this initial exposure to her E.G.O. Moses sighs as she squints slightly, taking a closer look at you - after spending a little while focused somewhere around your neck, her gaze suddenly leaps up to your head.

"My red smoke can strengthen the body, which usually doesn't have a clear outward manifestation: blood pumps faster, muscles tense with greater force, joints seem to stretch beyond their limits with nearly no difficulty. I've heard reports of aches consistent with exertion after the effects wear off, which seems to suggest it simply pushes people to their limit rather than any direct enhancement?"

Her gaze seems to have gotten stuck on something especially strange - little strands of white begin to mingle with your hair, standing out against the backdrop your normal tone provides. Said contrast only becomes more obvious as it darkens the rest of the way toward black, leaving those few greying strands to stand as a clear marker of age. You can't quite see it yet, with them being out of your view, but you'd hardly believe it if you saw it anyway. The detective says nothing, taking a smaller puff this time and blowing it towards your head to expedite the process a little bit.

The smoke seeps into your strands as they grow longer and longer by the second, the neatly-trimmed hairstyle you usually wear for the sake of convenience growing a little bit longer than how it would usually be. Piece by piece, it is molded to a new standard, one that

stops just shy of the shoulders; the longest of strands tap against the sides of your jawline now, enough to cause slight alarm as you reach over to their rapid growth. Moses doesn't seem concerned in the slightest, making a small gesture with her hand as she leans in close to inspect your face.

She spots a little scar along your cheek - a simple childhood injury, nothing more - and traces her finger along it, realizing that it has begun to fade away. "I see… larger concentrations can lead to rapid regeneration, which also comes with significantly increased hair growth. Don't worry about it, we can get it trimmed back down to how you'd prefer after this test. First, though, let me try something else."

The detective closes her eyes and tilts her head, her thin brow furrowed as she seems to descend back into her own thoughts. Something's weighing on her mind, though you can't quite tell what - perhaps she's trying to reach into old memories to bring out a different kind of smoke? Your hunch is, much to your surprise, proven correct as a perfectly white, cloudy mist is what she exhales next. Unlike the red smoke that swiftly dispersed, this one seems to move as a thick cloud, enveloping your head as she sends it drifting in your direction.

You freeze up for a moment, the sensation of smoke drifting across your face pushing what you perceive to be old memories to the surface. A faint noise, of gunfire and yelling and the clashing of swords, echoes somewhere in the distance; you tense up, an instinctive response to the symphony of warfare. The noises grow ever so slightly louder before suddenly cutting out, a sharp exhale leaving you as your muscles relax once again. Moses seems intrigued, scooting her stool a little closer to you as she inspects your increasingly softening features.

Much to her surprise, what she sees upon your visage has begun to resemble her own - little crow's feet form near your eyes as stubble fades away, faint wrinkles forming across the surface yet removing other imperfections as they echo outward. The end result seems to be the face of someone who'd aged quite gracefully: it combines well with your new hairstyle, intriguing enough for her eyes to light up while she studies you further. The detective doesn't say a word, having grasped exactly what must have crossed your mind as you took in the white smoke; she focuses again, preparing a breath of red this time around.

It shoots for a little lower, slipping under your jawline with how she sends it flying: brushing against the surface, it smoothens the one rather firmly defined shape, making it seem just a little less defined than how it had once been. The more significant changes come as the smoke slips inside your dress shirt through the single unbuttoned part at the collar: you can feel it stick to you, warm and piercing like capsaicin. Getting hit by pepper

spray would probably feel like this if it wasn't absolutely agonizing, you assume - not like you'd ever gotten to experience it yourself, just from what you'd heard of it from others.

Flowing inside your shirt, it begins to constrict around you, the scarlet mist sufficient in strength to make the fabric shrink from no more than a few seconds of concentrated contact. Moses seems intrigued, her eyes flitting down to the top half of your shirt: with your noticeably larger figure relative to her own, the sudden shrinkage is enough to leave you feeling rather boxed inside your clothing. The detective spends a few seconds flicking her gaze between her shirt and yours, presumably trying to come to some conclusion… one you can't quite seem to figure out.

With the clothing now fully tightened around you, the overbearing pressure that it had brought with itself suddenly makes itself know: you wince as bones loosen and compress, excess height and width erased in the blink of an eye to squeeze you into an increasingly smaller frame. You had towered over Moses previously, but she seems to be inching closer to you now; something, very obviously, is wrong here.

Struggling against this newfound challenge, you walk over to the door to try and open it back up using the panel; the tightened sleeves make your arms struggle to move anywhere, practically sealed into position as you wordlessly try to fight against them while the scarlet mist only spreads further and further along your body. You can feel it sap away at your body hair, helping it wither until you end up almost perfectly smooth underneath - not that it helps you get the door open, unfortunately. Your fingers barely, just barely manage to squeeze past your tightening sleeves, tapping the interface… but nothing happens.

"I should have specified that we'd set the door to automatically lock until the experiment was deemed successfully finished - a certain mister Hohenheim is currently behind the glass pane you can see, observing the process as well as one can through the fog we have in here. I'm afraid you'll have to stay in here until he's satiated his curiosity, sir." A spark of fear is quickly lit in your eyes as you realize what this would entail; you hopelessly wiggle against the dress shirt, finally finding some comfort as your limbs thin and shorten to match your shrinking frame. What had once felt like being encased in shrink wrap has now become entirely comfortable, but the fact that it fits you now is perhaps more terrifying than its constriction had ever been.

She stays perfectly stoic, which is certainly the worst part - adjusting her pipe once again, the detective runs a hand along its stem before flipping it around and offering it to you. Psychoment is theoretically keyed only to the individual who had manifested it, or so you'd read, but would that mean you'd be unable to smoke from the pipe? There was only one way to find out, it appeared - you carefully reached out for it, and found your hand

tightening around its warm, smooth surface without an ounce of hesitation. She let go, staying as close as possible to make sure it wouldn't fizzle out due to the lack of range, and observed as you took your first breath.

Having had it blown on top of you was strangely pleasant, but to actually do the deed yourself was practically intoxicating; letting the fog settle down deep inside your lungs, you held onto it for as long as you could manage. Tobacco wasn't something you could handle very well, with the first (and only) cigarette you'd ever tried promptly getting its first puff of smoke coughed up, and the rest tragically discarded.

This, however, was a whole new world. Gone was the stinging, sharp pain you recalled from that attempt, there was only… vitality would be the best word to describe how you felt, perhaps. Your blood rushed with excitement, turning the calm and passive flow to a raging stream that made your skin turn flush; the effects Moses had described for her red smoke had gotten particularly intense thanks to this direct exposure, leaving your heart rate elevated as you let out a small puff's worth past your lips.

Doing so, of course, means puffing your chest out, yet when you stop… it doesn't seem to want to go back down. You let your hands - oddly bulky in comparison to how the rest of your torso has been slowly melding into a new, novel shape - tap at the surface of the dress shirt, right where your chest would be: though it is indeed raised thanks to your held breath, you can feel something much more concerning underneath. A small pocket of fat, to be specific. Considering its position lining up perfectly with where your pecs would be, that could only mean one thing…

Moses, now that you're looking at her a little closer, isn't particularly endowed up there, but that doesn't mean she's perfectly flat either. However big she is in *this* territory, which hinges primarily on what she's wearing underneath, you're afraid you'll end up reflecting her size there quite soon. Nervous, shaking hands paw at the softening flesh there, feeling the thin cover of fat grow underneath their touch: you're so focused on them that you haven't even noticed that she's snatched the pipe out of your hands again, this time preparing a volley of white smoke to send your way.

The blast that hits your face is enough to break your held breath, spewing forth a cascade of the crimson gas you've held inside for the time being; the two mingle to create a pinkish tone, both properties of her E.G.O soon to manifest upon you once again. You tense up, afraid that the next set of memories the white fog calls to the surface will be as unpleasant as the last, yet… no, you recall something a good bit more pleasant, actually.

You - or at least, who you assume to be you - recall sitting in a cozy little office, glancing around the well-decorated but otherwise uninhabited room as loud, stomping footsteps rush towards the doorway. An immensely tall woman, sufficient in height to tower over even your old height, before your ongoing transformation, barges into the room with a grin reaching from ear to ear on her face; her blonde ponytail bobs as she halts in place, giving you a little salute. You'd heard of this woman before, the detective's somewhat less famed assistant: the name eludes you at the moment, but you know she would be one you'd bump into sooner or later.

Something about her presence is calming, like witnessing an old friend alive and well after the years spent apart. You try to recall why, but that attempt at recollection only leads you toward the cacophony you'd heard the first time around - you don't want to think about it too much, and thus you don't. Snapping out of it drops you back in the present again, staring down Moses: your concern begins to turn into fear, eyes darting around the now nearly incomprehensible cascade of fog that has filled the chamber. Whoever that Hohenheim was who would be staring into the room through the window evidently can't see a thing from what's going on inside.

Suddenly, a small puff of dark purple smoke comes from her pipe, sent your way as it hits you in the face before you could react. Time seems to slow as you inadvertently breathe it in, the fear in your nerves calmed down at least partially as it strikes you with the force of a potent tranquilizer. For its efficacy, it isn't perfect - you still feel a loose dread, but are sedated enough to make it seem like less of an issue at the moment. It's sufficient for Moses, obviously; she tilts her head and leans in close to look down your dress shirt, deciding on what to try next before your dazed mind can even react.

Another cloud of red, this time aimed a little lower: slipping in through your collar, it sinks down and settles around your waistline. The slowly drifting mass of E.G.O-powered fog chips away at your flesh painlessly, tightening fibers into an ever-constricting mass as your bulky waistline gains a distinct, undeniably inward pinch. What little of it brushes against your chest only helps it grow further, stretching the skin before its tautness gets a little breathing room - they must be a B-cup or so now, though you lack the proper frame of reference with which to judge.

The black mist continues to sap away at your strength as it lingers around you, a soft smile crawling onto your face despite your concerns. The sights around you, already coated in fog, become blurrier than ever; Moses's face is practically the only thing you can make out in the smoke, her inquisitive gaze kept on you as she saunters closer and pokes at your core.

Curiously, the thin bit of flab that would normally rest there is entirely gone; there is nothing but a thin layer of rock-hard muscle under the skin, a well-trained physique's manifestation. She blows a gentle burst of white smoke your direction again, the memories it calls forth burying deeper inside your mind thanks to the influence of the black; you freeze up as you anticipate a new recollection, unsure of exactly what will unfold next.

The stress on your face unfolds as a more pleasant memory comes to mind this time: a calm day spent lounging in the same office from your previous recollection, the young woman from before sitting across from the table and sneezing profusely as she gestures for the little flower pot you kept on top of it. You'd bought one to liven up the mood, but as it turned out, she had an allergy to them; you had to make do with an artificial one from there on out.

Wait… Ezra, that's what her name was! The memory slots into place perfectly, a little smile forming on your face as you remember the detail, something you mentally promise to yourself not to forget. Snapping back into reality, you are met with another sigh's worth of scarlet smoke from Moses, who has now slipped even closer to you than before: she bends her knees slightly to gaze at your hips, taking small puffs and blowing them onto the top of your pants for whatever reason.

The explanation becomes evident shortly thereafter as you feel soft crackles spread through the bone underneath, the fog seeping its way through your trousers and your skin in one fell swoop: by the time you realize what's happening, the strain has begun to push at your suit pants' seams. At this tempo, you fear it won't take long for them to collapse entirely under said pressure, a worry that becomes reality once your hips widen just a little further, a loud snap marking their liberation… and, with it, your embarrassment.

Moses doesn't seem to care at all, however - she just flicks her glance down for a second as you desperately try to hold up your collapsing clothing, the tatters slipping through your hands as strip after strip of destroyed fabric falls away. With the sedative effects of her smoke, you can't exactly muster the dexterity needed to keep yourself from exposure, and the detective seems almost amused by your plight as she sends another warm puff of smoke your way: another red one, this time heavy and thick as it descends past your widening hips and seeps through the cracks in your clothing.

Sinking down there, it bleeds into the underlying flesh, lining the now comparatively bony legs with a rapidly growing reservoir of fat. What had once been slim and slender looked practically stick-thin when compared to the wide hips you were given, but the uncanny gap between them was clearly due to be fixed as cushy fat fills the room it is offered. Soon

enough, you find the last vestiges of your trousers losing the strength to carry on, the few remaining places where the strings had survived shattered by this rapid expansion.

Each thigh must now be at least of a size where you can't wrap around it with both hands: the sight is a little unnerving, but the way the new room fills itself with nerves and blood vessels is oddly pleasant. Titillation spreads upward in response, your exposed member stiffening and turning upward as a reply - Moses spends no more time on it than what is needed to take a glance, but you can tell it amuses her at least a little bit. "Hm, interesting… this is definitely an unnecessary change from the perspective of strengthening one's body, yet… yes, of course."

No more comment from the detective - looking at her figure, though, you can already tell where all this is going to lead. Your body is shifting, second by second, to match hers; for one reason or another, that is what the most concentrated form of her E.G.O does, at least to you. How this would interact with the Head's clone laws you're not yet certain of, but… well, you have a week to figure that out, don't you? There are much greater concerns at the moment, not that you can muster the mental strength to think about such things very much: you stumble toward the stool Moses had been sitting on previously, falling onto it with a loud thud and a curious plapping noise.

The thin layer of fat on top of your rear is starting to grow as well, matching with your thighs in its rapid growth; considering the detective's undeniably pear-shaped body, you fear the effects of this will be quite *drastic*. Slowly but surely, you feel yourself begin to rise in the seat as your legs shorten somewhat, lifting you off the ground further as you continue your pointless struggle against the encroaching smoke. Moses lets out a few more puffs of red and white into the air, not even bothering to send them in your general direction: with how you've been effectively hotboxed in the airtight room, there's effectively no reason to bother with targeting it anymore.

Sure enough, as the mist spreads across the room once again, you can feel it seep into you, weighing down on your body as it fills every orifice and buries itself into the skin. Though heavy and oppressive, you can't help but feel a smile curling onto your face as it does, some of the dispersed black smoke soothing your nerves as you continue to change further and further. Your back loosens up slightly as subtle signs of age come to dot it, predominantly in the form of battle scars: superficial cuts, a few bullet holes near the shoulders, so on and so forth.

A new recollection strikes your mind, this time torn away from the office you've come to treat as strangely familiar mentally - you presume it must be the one Moses used to own, but there is not yet enough certainty in you to state that outright. Instead of that

comfortable place, your memories drop you off in an elegant estate, standing in front of a brown-haired woman about as tall as you recall your old self being; with a deeply decorated outfit of black and gold, the young lady gazes down upon you with the sort of curiosity one might have for a toy. What she has to say is only remembered as a rough paraphrasing - that while she may technically have adopted you, she suggests you treat her as no more than an older sibling.

You're not even sure who it is, the face's details clear as day yet the meaning behind them shrouded in obscurity - a figure from the detective's past is the best you can guess, her identity otherwise a blur. Perhaps with time, you'll come to figure it out - for now, the best you can muster is silently swaying in place as your rear expands further and further. Stretching your legs, you feel them finish their transformation near the ends: feet become a little smaller and smoother, your shoes loosening in the process while what remains of your pants slips down the slimmed calves.

Your attention, however, is elsewhere: your fingers carefully reach over to the cushion that your derriere has made on top of the stool, fingers quietly digging into it as you abandon all attempts at preserving your modesty. Your member stands between thickened thighs, twitching softly as pleasure swallows you - lost in the fog that Moses had made, you frankly don't have the mental fortitude to think of anything else at the moment. You just have to figure out how to make this feel as good as it can…

Digging past a surprisingly thick layer of fat, you can find a tiny bit of muscle lurking underneath: naturally, someone like her would have a good physique, even if her rather pear-shaped appearance would conceal most of it. Speaking of which, the way its soft dough moves to your touch is practically intoxicating, leaving you with no desire but to prod and poke at it, massaging flesh with sedated yet thrilled joy inside you. The detective's expression is blurred before your eyes, but she appears to be observing with curiosity - as if observing a specimen she's not quite sure how to treat just yet.

She takes a slow breath, looking over to your member again with a hint of disgust: with a puff of her pipe, she blows it directly onto it, the fog thickening into what almost feels like a sleeve around its length. The hovering mass tightens around you, a pressure both painful and pleasurable to this most sensitive part: strongest at the tip, it pushes down while doing the same for your balls underneath in hopes of getting rid of them entirely.

Sure enough, the foggy cloud seems to be getting smaller and smaller as it sends your genitals deeper and deeper inside yourself - little spurts are sent into the smoke, swallowed up as it turns a little whiter with each throb. Moses squints as she steps closer, clearly

intrigued by the sight - whatever it is that she'd managed to trigger, it's something she's never seen before.

Barely over half of it is around now, your hands needily working on your own flesh to push you deeper into the throes of titillation: no matter how hard you labor, the intended climax doesn't quite seem to come. Perhaps it will only happen once this final physical transformation is settled? There's only one way for you to find out, and it seems like all the squeezing and poking has expedited the process to some degree. Your hands switch from your derriere to your inner thighs, nails sinking into the cushy flesh in hopes of triggering an even more sensitive region.

You squeeze and push… and it simply happens.
The smoke turns to perfect white and rises into the air as a tiny puff, exposing a pair of quickly forming lips underneath - you can just barely see it past your modest bust, shivering slightly as the internals finish themselves. Piece by piece, the most undeniable change to your body concludes… and as it does, the pleasure you'd been building up comes to the conclusion you'd been seeking.

The puff of smoke rises up and up, aiming for your head as your shoulders relax and your back arches backwards - tired and soothed at once, you can muster no more than a long, heavy sigh as an orgasm washes over your nervous system. If there's any kind of physical release paired with it, you can hardly tell - the sole observer is Moses herself, whose gaze, it appears, is moreso on the smoke that has freshly manifested. Despite the sheer quantity of gas all around, it stands perfectly individualistic, unwilling to join the swirling collective of color in its ascent to your mind.

Soon enough, it hits your nose - right as the afterglow would kick in and the initial high would conclude, it gives you one final memory. You recall - now undeniably dressed as Moses and sharing her physique - sitting in front of an interviewer, filling out a small form of details. Your hand (a prosthetic one, like the original's, despite yours both being healthy) holds the pan that slowly fills out each detail: writing a 50 on the underscoring that asks for your age, the office's address where that is requested… and the one thing that she seems to have kept for last, her own name and signature.

A curious twitch goes through her - no, *your* arm as you look at it again, squinting a little before writing the name that now whole-heartedly belongs to you on top. The cursive writing drills itself into your head, as does the moniker you've now been labeled with: your old identity is swallowed by the fog of recollection, replaced by that of Moses. Frankly, you don't even care what it had been anymore, with it being so much easier to simply embrace

your identity as the famed Distortion Detective herself - you wouldn't want to disappoint with this little experiment, after all.

Technically, you were the one that proposed it in the first place: a little observation thrown in as an aside that the others had gotten strangely interested in. You could remember it quite clearly now, drilling it into your mentality and memories - the gaps started to fill around it, pushing out the memories of your old self. The encroaching fog swallows it all up, and by the time it clears, something entirely rises. Something just like her.

The sedative effect of the black smoke has cleared for the most part now, permitting you to stand up and look over to your twin with a little curiosity in your eyes. You remember, though only vaguely, that you hadn't been Moses until very recently - every memory besides that fact is being swallowed up, overwritten by the same timeline of events that must be currently crossing the detective's mind. "I suppose this is a novel development… well, let's get you dressed, then we can report on what this might mean."

You nod, finding the argument entirely reasonable - her calm, collected mentality has started to set in, shaping your personality to match hers in every way conceivable. A small blush crosses your face as you consider the embarrassment of having to enter the lounge this way, but she seems to be unbothered by the possibility, so you figure she must have it all planned out already. Her office is in another adjacent room, and to your recollection, no one else is in here - that should give you enough time to at least get dressed in relative peace…

Strangely, despite E.G.O being something tied to an individual, you hadn't manifested a pipe like her own - that, combined with your body lacking the injuries she had suffered since its initial manifestation, seemed to suggest that you were effectively plucked from the time right before she had gained it. Given a week had passed without issue, whatever method this worked through was apparently not a violation of any taboo; those seven days of tension were followed by relief and curious discussions amidst the rest of Moses's colleagues.

You, at the moment, found yourself seated in that lounge again, your twin sitting right next to you as you quietly passed the pipe between one another: it was enough to soothe the mind for now, listening to the two who were also taking part in the discussion. The blonde woman you recalled from before - whose name was Ezra, as you now remembered - and a certain yellow-clad Fixer were each sitting in small armchairs, glances flicking over to the two of you as they pondered the results of the experiment. "Mm, look, detective, if your

new… can I call her your twin?" The two of you nod, letting her return to her train of thought, "...so, your twin also has your combat capabilities, and your experience on top of that, then wouldn't it be sensible to use this to make further capable fighters out of new hires?"

The young man sitting opposite her leans forward as well, pushing his glasses up: Vespa seems especially interested in the development, trying to wrap his head around what it might entail. "Considering your analytic skills, detective, it could be quite useful outside of raw military prowess as well. Four eyes are better than two, and six are naturally even better by extension. Perhaps you should consider-"

"No, I don't think this is a risk we want to take. The process took a remarkable amount of time and energy on my end - you saw how drained I looked by the end of it, didn't you? Besides, considering my smoke has clearly tired out others given prolonged exposure, I'm afraid this incident may have just been a fluke that we'll never see again. I'm not sure, but I don't plan on risking it to find out unless absolutely necessary." Ezra's usually sunny demeanor turns to mild disappointment in response, while Vespa simply gives a quiet *hum* before returning to his position - you figure that would be all you'd have to discuss for now, and thus tell them that they are dismissed.

The pipe returns to your hand as Moses hands it over: you glance down at it, thinking to yourself about the future. Would you manifest one as well someday? Would it even be possible to repeat this event, if you or her were to try?

…you must admit, the points they raised weren’t bad at all…